

E. WRIGHT, jr.,
 JOSHUA LEAVITT,
 W. GOODELL,
 LEWIS TAPPAN,
 SAMUEL E. CORNISH.
 New-York, July 17, 1834.

his ecclesiastical superior,' but '*does not separate himself from the Anti-Slavery Society*. Now, this course may come up to the *letter*, but we think it does not to the *spirit* of the Bishop's 'advice.' Bishop Onderdonk undoubtedly meant to enjoin a complete separation.

or peculiarly criminal, therefore, in holding a meeting on the Fourth of July. Why, then, was a mob brought out against it? The facts are now familiar to our readers, and we need not dwell upon them. The great question is,—*Who instigated the riots*

public feeling from the form, the prompt and the press, shall no more be repeated by these reckless incendiaries.

It such men continue to lay a train of gunpowder apply the match, and then escape with their families to the country, leaving our citizens to suffer from the explosion which their folly and hardness would continue to inflict, it is much to be feared that no force civil or military can control the infuriated de-

approaching the grand dividing line of the southern States; and should it once pass that line, we may expect to see a flame kindled which would only be quenched by the most prompt, energetic and sanguinary measures. Will the citizens of this city longer submit to have their brethren attacked by the rabble mobs of negroes; their ears harshly assailed with the vile and debased proposition of a general amalgamation?

men interested in the cause, in town and
country, are respectfully invited to call.
Communications respecting the objects of
the Society may be addressed to the subscri-
ber, at said office.
B. C. BACON, *Secretary and Agent.*
Boston, July 26, 1834.

LITERARY.

[For the Liberator.]
FREEDOM'S SUMMONS.
AN ANTI-SLAVERY HYMN.
Air—Strike the Cymbal.

Wake, ye Slaves! from your slumbers!
Hear the song of Freedom pour!
By its shaking, fiercely breaking
Every chain upon our shore!
Flags are waving! all tyrants braving!
Proudly, freely, o'er our plains!
Let no minions check our pinions,
While a single grief remains!

ANTISTROPHIC.
Proud oblations! Thou Queen of Nations!
Have been poured upon thy waters!
After the bleeding sons and daughters,
Now before us, lo! implore us!
Looking to Jehovah's throne!
Chains are wearing! hearts despairing!
Will ye hear a nation's moan?
Soothe their sorrow, ere the morrow
Change their aching hearts to stone!

EPIC.
Then the light of Nature's smile,
Freedom's reign shall bless the while!
And the pleasure Mercy brings,
Flow from all her latent springs!
Delight shall spread her shining wings,
Rejoicing!

SECOND STROPHIC.
Daily, nightly! burning brightly!
Glory's pillar fills the air!
Hearts are waking! chains are breaking!
Freedom bids her sons prepare!
O'er the ocean, in proud devotion,
Incense rises to the skies!
From our mountains, o'er our fountains,
See, our Eagle proudly flies!

SECOND ANTISTROPHIC.
What deploring impedes her soaring?
Million souls in bondage sighing!
Long in deep oppression lying!
Shall their story mar our glory?
Must their life in sorrow flow?
Tears are falling! fetters galling!
Listen to the cry of woe!
Still oppressing! never blessing!
Shall their grief no ending know?

SECOND EPIC.
Yes! our nation yet shall feel!
Time shall break the chain of steel!
Then the slave shall nobly stand!
Peace shall smile with hallowed hand!
Glory shall crown our happy land,
Forever!

Lynn, July 4, 1834. ALONZO LEWIS.

[For the Liberator.]
TO CHARLES STUART,
PREACHER OF IMMEDIATE EMANCIPATION.

Thrice welcome to our guilty land,
Thou servant of the Lord!
Thou bearer of his sweet command,
And dew-distilling word!
Others have come, in zeal of youth,
Boon-keepers—designed
To flash the light of angry truth
Upon the guilty mind.

And these with ready hand we greet,
Their flaming zeal approve—
But the whole heart bounds forth to meet
The message of thy love.

Thou bear'st the impress of thy Lord;
On infancy He smiled;
Thy condescension can afford
To greet the lowly child.

He blest His enemies—and thou,
By His commandment led,
Giv'st to their thirst pure water now,
Now to their hunger bread.

The coals thus heaped of heavenly fire,
Will be intensely felt;
The fiery heart will burn with ire,
But the good one will melt.

Will melt, and fervid streams will flow
From Oileans to Maine;
Northern and southern hearts will glow,
And melt the negro's chain.

FOREST WORSHIP.
Go thou and seek the house of prayer,
To the woodlands will repair.—Southey.

Within the sunlit forest,
Our roof of the bright blue sky,
Where fountains flow, and wild flowers blow,
We lift our hearts on high—
Beneath the frown of wicked men
Our country's strength is bowing;
But, thanks to God, they can't prevent
The lone wild flowers from blowing!

High, high above the tree tops,
The lark is soaring free;
Where streams the light through broken clouds,
His speckled breast is seen;
Beneath the night of wicked men
The poor man's worth is dying;
But, thanked be God, in spite of them,
The lark still warbles free!

Speak low, thou heaven-paid teacher!
The tempest bursts above;
God whispers in his thunder! hear
The terrors of his love!
On useful hands and honest hearts,
The base their wrath are wreaking;
But, thanked be God, they can't prevent
The storm of heaven from speaking!

TO
Of all the flowers that sweetly blow,
You ask, which is most dear to me;
I love them best, which native grow,
And, unassuming, bloom—like thee!

And first, I love the Violet sweet;
Content it blooms, though none may see,
The applause-glad it does not seek,
But hides its modest worth—like thee!

And the pale-lily's virgin white;
Its forms and emblems well agree;
Though simply clothed, it glads the sight,
Though unobtrusive, charms—like thee!

I love the rose, because its cheek
Glow with health and cheerful glee;
Its tints the touch of beauty speak,
'Tis beauty's favorite—'tis like thee!

TO number more were waste of time;
In short, what'er their form might be,
What'er their hues, what'er their clime,
I love them most when most like thee!
Just like life!
Just like life are tender flowers—
Just as brief its blooming hours,
And soon must fade the sweetest bowers,
Just like life!

Life to life with endless day,
Are flowers that never fade away;
O may we be such flowers as they—
Ever bright!

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANIMAL BODIES IN PEAT. The property possessed by peat to preserve animal matter from putrefaction is very wonderful. It is probably owing to this circumstance that fleshy portions of the Mastodon and other animals have been so long preserved in peat bogs. It is stated in the Philosophical Transactions of 1731, that two human bodies were preserved in peat for fifty-nine years. In January, 1675, a farmer and his maid servant were crossing the peat moors in Derbyshire, Eng. They were overtaken by a great fall of snow, and both perished; their bodies were not found until the 31 of May in the same year; and being then offensive, the coroner directed them to be buried on the spot in the peat. Here they remained thirty-nine years, when the curiosity of some countrymen induced them to open their graves. The bodies appeared quite fresh; the skin was fair and of its natural color, and the flesh as soft as that of persons just dead. They were afterwards frequently exposed as curiosities, until in 1716, they were buried by order of the man's descendants. At that time the man was perfect, his beard was strong, the hair of his head short, and his skin hard and of a tanned leather color, like the liquor he was lying in. In the beginning of the last century, the perfect body of a man in the ancient Saxon costume, was discovered in peat in Yorkshire. It soon perished, however, on exposure to the air.

In 1747 the body of a woman was found six feet deep in a peat moor in Lincolnshire. The antique sandals on her feet afforded proof that she had been buried there for many ages; yet her nails, hair and skin are described as having shown scarcely any marks of decay. On the estate of the Earl of Moira, in Ireland, a human body was dug up, a foot deep in gravel, covered with eleven feet of moss;—the body was completely clothed, and the garments made of hair. Before the use of wool was known in that country, the clothing of the inhabitants was made of hair, so that it would seem that this body had been buried at that early period; yet it was fresh and unimpaired.

In digging a well near Dulventon, in Somersetshire, says Lyell, in his principles of Geology; pigs were found still entire, and in various postures. Their shape was well preserved, the skin which retained the hair, having assumed a dry, membranous appearance.

At the battle of Solway, in the time of Henry 8th, (1542) an unfortunate troop of horse was driven into a morass, which instantly closed upon them. The tale was traditional, but is now authenticated,—a man and horse in complete armor, having been many years afterwards discovered by peat-diggers in the place where the affair happened. This anti-septic property of peat is derived from the carbonic and gallic acids which issue from decaying wood.

Peat formerly covered extensive tracts in England. It is still found in various situations,—often in valleys or plains from three to forty feet deep; it also occurs upon the sides of mountains. The tops of mountains, upwards of 2000 feet high, in the Highlands of Scotland, are said to be covered with peat of an excellent kind.—*Portsmouth Journal.*

Genius deficient in Conversation.—The great Peter Corneille, whose genius resembled that of our Shakespeare, and who has so forcibly expressed the sublime sentiments of the hero, had nothing in his exterior that indicated his genius; on the contrary, his conversation was so insipid, that it never failed of wearying. Nature, who had lavished on him the gifts of genius, had forgotten to blend with them her more ordinary ones. He did not even speak correctly that language of which he was such a master.

When his friends represented to him how much more he might please by not disdaining to correct these trivial errors, he would smile and say, 'I am not the less Peter Corneille.' Descartes, whose habits were formed in solitude and meditation, was silent in mixed company; and Thomas describes his mind by saying that he had received his intellectual wealth from nature in solid bars, but not in current coin; or as Addison expressed the same idea, comparing himself to a banker who possessed the wealth of his friends at home, though he carried none of it in his pocket; or as that judicious moralist Nicole, one of the Port-Royal Society, who said of a scintillant wit, 'He conquers me in the drawing-room, but surrenders to me at discretion on the staircase.' Such may say with Themistocles, when asked to play on a lute, 'I cannot fiddle, but I can make a little village a great city.'

The deficiencies of Addison in conversation are well known. He preserved a rigid silence amongst strangers, but if he was silent, it was the silence of meditation. How often at that moment, he labored at some future Spectator!

The cynical Mandeville compared Addison, after having passed an evening in his company, to a silent parson in a tea-wig. It is no shame for an Addison to receive the censures of a Mandeville; he has only to blush when he calls down those of a Pope.

Virgil was heavy in conversation, and resembled more an ordinary man than an enchanting poet.

La Fontaine, says La Bruyere, appeared coarse, heavy, and stupid; he could not speak or describe what he had just seen; but when he wrote, he was the model of poetry.

It is very easy, said a humorous observer on La Fontaine, to be a man of wit or a fool; but to be both, and that too in the extreme degree, is indeed admirable, and only to be found in him. This observation applies to that fine natural genius, Goldsmith. Chaucer was more facetious in his tales than in his conversation, and the Countess of Pembroke used to rally him by saying that his silence was more agreeable than his conversation.

Leverates, celebrated for his beautiful oratorical compositions, was of so timid a disposition that he never ventured to speak in public. He compared himself to the wheat-stalk which will not cut, but enables other things to do so; for his productions served as models to other orators. Vancanson was said to be as much a machine as any he had made. Dryden says of himself, 'My conversation is slow and dull, my humor satiric and reserved. In short, I am none of those who endeavor to break jests in company, or make repartees.'—*Curiosities of Literature.*

Suicide of Judge Lamar of Georgia.—This gentleman killed himself with a pistol on the 4th inst. in his garden. A correspondent of the Augusta Courier says: 'The cause of his death it will be difficult satisfactorily to account for—it will suffice to say that he has been affected with a tormenting disease (dyspepsia) for the last few months. He left on his desk a short farewell address to his wife, children, and relatives, the purport of which I have not learnt.'

Reading.—Whoever has acquired a taste for reading, so fixed that it has settled into a habit, has become in the highest sense, independent of all other sources of amusement, and sufficient to himself. Fashion and society may set up their ephemeral idol, one day admitting, and another rejecting him according to its unsteady caprices. They may throw the sunshine of their favor alternately upon the rich, witty, learned, young, and fortunate and gay, and he may not be able to claim to be either. But if he have learned really to love study and to hold converse with the mighty dead, he may set all their decisions at defiance. He can draw his supplies of interest and amusement, and those of the highest order, which life can furnish, from his own perennial and inexhaustible fountains. Neither need he envy the possessor of the most magnificent apartments, in which to deposit his splendid copies, with their gaudy engravings, gildings and bindings. To a real lover of books, a stall, so that it be amply furnished, is as good as the Vatican, and nature offers her universal ticket of admission to the grand apartments of her reading room; and, seeing him enter satisfied with his book in his hand, her composed visage will always meet him with a ready welcome.

Poverty and Riches.—Every man is rich and poor according to the proportion between his desires and enjoyments. Of riches as of every thing else, the hope is more than the enjoyment; while we consider them as the means to be used at some future time for the attainment of felicity, ardor after them secures us from weariness of ourselves, but no sooner do we sit down to enjoy our acquisitions than we find them insufficient to fill up the vacuities of life. Nature makes us poor only when we want necessities, but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities. It is the great privilege of poverty, to be happy unenvied, to be healthy without physic, secure without a guard, and to obtain from the bounty of nature, what the great and wealthy are compelled to procure by the help of art. Adversity has ever been considered as the state in which a man most easily becomes acquainted with himself, particularly being free from flatteries. Prosperity is too apt to prevent us from examining our conduct, but as adversity leads us to think properly of our state, it is most beneficial to us.—*Johnson.*

New Epigram by Burns.—Burns called once on a certain lord in Edinburgh, and was shown into a library. To amuse himself till his lordship was at leisure, he took down a volume of Shakespeare splendidly bound, and on opening discovered, from the gilding that it had never been read; also, that the worms were eating it through and through. Some dozen years afterwards, another visitor took down Shakespeare, and found the following lines pencilled by Burns on the first page:—

'Through and through the inspired leaves,
Ye maggots, make your windings;
But, oh! respect his lordship's taste,
And spare his golden bindings.'

A Mormon Battle.—A letter has been received at Chardon, Ohio, direct from Missouri, which states that a body of well armed Mormons, led on by their great prophet, Joe Smith, lately attempted to cross the river into Jackson County. A party of the citizens of Jackson County opposed their crossing, and a battle ensued, in which Joe Smith was wounded in the leg, and the Mormons obliged to retreat. Joe Smith's limb was amputated, but he died three days after the operation.

American Feeling.—The mob that attacked the house of Mr. Lewis Tappan, on Wednesday night, were for a moment arrested in their work of destruction upon the furniture by the discovery, that they were about committing to the flames the likeness of Washington. A general cry was sent forth—'It is Washington!'—in the name of God don't burn Washington! The painting was thereupon borne off in triumph by the populace, and safely deposited in a neighboring house.—*New-York paper.*

☐ Noble patriots, truly!!

During Exploit.—Taking a turn in the Mall, we saw a man standing upright with both feet on the very apex of the pine-apple on the top of the State House, which it seems is undergoing all necessary repairs within, and a coat of paint without. For this purpose, a staging has been erected round the cupola, or lantern, and this man had ascended some feet higher than was necessary, for the sole purpose, as it seemed to us, of standing where in all probability no man ever stood before.—*Boston Gazette.*

Gethysburg, July 14.—We regret to state, that information has been received, that the Rev. John Herbst, lately of this borough, who was on his return here from Cincinnati, was lost overboard from a steamboat on the 4th inst. about one day's run from Cincinnati, and before assistance could be rendered, was drowned. His intellect was amongst those of the first order, his social qualities remarkable.—*Scotland.*

Death of Citizen Genet.—Edmond C. Genet, Esq. died at his residence in Schuylkill, Pennsylvania county on Tuesday, after an illness of two days. Mr. Genet came to this country as Minister of the French Republic, soon after the revolution, and when superseded, took up his permanent residence among us as a private citizen.

An interesting incident occurred during the storm in Centerville, Luzerne county. An infant that was at the time lying in the cradle, fell together with the floor and chimney, into the cellar, and was supposed by its mother to be crushed to death—some humane individuals, however, on removing a portion of the ruins, found the infant in the cradle entirely unharmed!

Brick Machine.—The Mount Vernon (O.) Gazette states, that a new brick-making apparatus is in operation in that place, which makes the very best quality of bricks out of dry clay. There is a pressure of more than fifty tons on every brick; it comes from the machine as smooth as plates of polished steel can produce. One horse makes 20 in a minute.

Cure for Polypus.—A writer in a foreign periodical relates that an obstinate case of polypus of the nose, of long standing, was cured by applying laudanum, with a hair pencil, to the polyp.

Lafayetteologist.—Mr. Webster is prevented, by imperative pre-engagements, accepting the invitation of the Young Men to pronounce the Eulogy on Lafayette, and the Hon. Edward Everett has accepted to the request of the Committee to be the Orator.

An ingenious mechanic is inventing a machine for sewing, by which a suit of clothes may be made in one hour.

At the new colony on Swan river, the fuel used is a delightful aromatic cedar; the bridges are constructed of mahogany, so abundant is that tree; besides which, kangaroo flesh may be obtained dog cheap in the market, and it is near as savoury as venison.

The funeral procession in Baltimore on Thursday in honor of Lafayette, was very imposing; it is thought that 20,000 were present at the delivery of the address.

The celebrated Catholic Bishop, Rev. Dr. Doyle, died at Carlow, Ireland, on the 31st of May. Dr. Waldron, Catholic Bishop of Killala, died at Arnaree, May 27th.

In a trip from Hudson to Troy a few days since, Mr. Borden's boat accomplished eighteen miles in an hour and five minutes.

We perceive by a London paper that Messrs. Rundle & Bridge, of Ludgate Hill, offer for sale a suite of diamonds valued at \$325,000 00.

Largest Sunday School.—It is stated that there is a Sabbath School in Manchester, Eng. which contains 2600 pupils. We presume there is no other of equal size in the world.

A tea-party was lately held in Preston, Eng. at which there were present about 1200 persons. The tea-kettle was a boiler containing 200 gallons, and forty reformed drunkards officiated as waiters.

A case of hydrophobia in a female was lately cured at Bordeaux by copious draughts of vinegar and constant bleeding. She was able to taste the vinegar, while the sign of water threw her into convulsions.

Mr. Clay had a very narrow escape in passing from Charlottesville to Winchester, Va. The stage was upset in descending a hill, and one young gentleman killed. Mr. C. was slightly injured.

The itch is caused by an insect, white, with eight reddish legs, in the four hind ones of which, is appended a bistle. It may be distinguished with the microscope, in the vesicles, in the joints, which accompany the disorder.

London, June 4.—We yesterday announced the important fact of the final submission of Don Miguel to the superior good fortune of his brother—his departure from Portugal, and the termination, in fact, of the miserable civil war by which that country has been so long torn. We are now able, from intermediate *Chronicles*, to supply some particulars of the occurrences which preceded the last surrender, and which were necessary to complete the narrative between the great overthrow near Thomar, reported on Monday last, and the present time. It appears, then, that after evacuating Santarem, Don Miguel, with 7,000 or 8,000 followers, in a completely disorganised and dispirited state, crossed the Tagus to the southern side, taking the rather circuitous route of Evora for Elvas. At every step, however, his force became more weakened by desertion or fatigue, but chiefly from the former cause; and pressed by the victorious army in the rear, whilst another marched from Montemor to cut him off from the sea, Miguel at last saw no prospect of safety but in an armistice.

A flag of truce was accordingly sent to Marshal Saldanha, who having to instructions, could give no other answer than that he would immediately send off the proposal by express, to Lisbon. There it was instantaneously repudiated, and the Marshal himself was reproved for being weak enough to listen to any offer of compromise, and for being disobedient to orders for arresting, even for a moment, the onward march of his troops. It is said that one of the conditions proposed by Miguel was, that all his creatures should be continued in the places which they then held; which was, of course, not listened to for a moment. Eventually he surrendered at discretion, and appears to have been thankful for the only terms conceded to him by the Pedroites, of shipping himself from the Peninsula without delay. He chose, as we have already stated, a port in the Algarves, at which to embark, and the refuge of an English ship of war, in which he is already upon his way to this country.

Paris, June 5.—Among the curiosities which M. Ruppel has brought from Abyssinia are two remarkable manuscripts. One is a Bible, said to contain a new work of Solomon, one or two new Books of Esdras, and a considerable addition to the fifth Book of Esther, all perfectly unknown in Europe. It also contains the Book of Enoch, and fifteen new Psalms, the existence of which was already known to the learned. The other manuscript is a species of code, which the Abyssinians date from the Council of Nice (325), the epoch at which it was promulgated by one of their Kings. This code is divided into two books: the first relates to canonical law, and treats of the relations of the Church with the temporal power; the other is a sort of civil code. There are also some remarkable hymns, because they present the return of consistory, the only feature of poetry to be found in Abyssinian literature.

Ancient Custom.—On Holy Thursday the young Queen of Hungary performed, in the name of the Empress, the ceremony of washing the feet of twelve old men and twelve old women. Of the old men, the eldest was 101 years of age, the youngest 81; the age of the twelve together, 1019 years. The eldest of the women was 97, the youngest 85, and the twelve together, 1075 years.

An old bachelor named Julian Hibberd, recently died at Hempstead, England. He lived in a secluded cottage, but his charity was unbounded. He was a classical scholar, of gentlemanly habits and address, and the author of several talented works, to none of which he would put his name. He died worth \$8,000, which he distributed in legacies—and directed in his will his body to be given to an Anatomical School, to which for many years he had been a subscriber.

MORAL.

MORAL REFORM.

We say that Mr. McDowell is doing just the work, which ought to be done, and must be done, in order to check that flood of licentiousness, which is sweeping over our whole country; and those who seek to throw obstacles in his way, or cry out 'shame,' 'indelicacy,' 'indecorum,' ought to be ashamed of themselves. The very reasons which they urge against McDowell's Journal, are among the very reasons which infidels urge against the Bible; and on the same ground, that a New-York Grand Jury 'present' the 'Journal' as a 'nuisance,' and the New-York Observer and Boston Recorder give their approbation of the 'presentment,' infidels urge that the Bible is a 'nuisance' and ought to be suppressed. The Bible condemns adultery, fornication, whoredom, and all kinds of lasciviousness, and calls them all by their right names; therefore, infidels say, it is an 'obscene book,' presenting such odious and revolting details as are offensive to taste, and inflame the passions of the young; while, at the same time, these very infidels are privately selling books and prints, written and engraved for the very purpose of encouraging universal licentiousness!—*New-England Telegraph.*

The drunkard's funeral.—Yesterday I attended a funeral at the poor house. It was the drunkard's funeral. I have seen his whole course. I remembered when he was intelligent, respectable and lovely. His tall stature, beautiful mien, noble intellect, and refined respect. He commenced business as a merchant; was soon commissioned as a justice of the peace; was elected a member of the legislature, and received a military commission. Honors thickened, but there was a worm at the root. He drank secretly. I remember the first time he appeared disguised; he was then unsuspected. The downward course was slow but sure. Years passed on, and his family were obliged to forsake him. He became a street drunkard. I have seen him pass along, the derision of boys. I have seen him for years in the poor-house, palsied and helpless. I saw him on his death-bed. He lingered long, as if death was ashamed to take him. I heard the bell announce his death; it was at the very moment when the assembly were retiring from the temperance meeting, on the 25th of February. I officiated at his funeral. One solitary mourner only attended. We laid him low in an obscure part of the grave-yard. Thus lived—thus died—thus was buried T—B—, Esq. a victim of intemperance! Having occasioned the town an expense of \$1200 for his support!—*Temperance Intelligencer.*

Influence of Parents.—Our religion, politics, language, morals, and even gestures, are mostly derived from the parental type. How careful, then, our fathers and mothers ought to be to set us good copies! They ought to know that they are sowing the seeds of good or evil to unknown generations. All that their own children see, hear, feel, or enjoy, it will be the lot of future children to undergo and partake of. Their words, precepts, and actions—their examples, as masters, citizens, parents, husbands and wives, will be the law and precedent regulating the demeanor of future masters, citizens, husbands, parents and wives. As heads of families, each is the founder and governor of one of the little federative states of which the body politic is composed; and it shall be on their primary training and rule, whether they shall be the authors of new sources of disorder and misery, or joy and benefit to the community.

ARNOLD BUFFUM
MOST respectfully invites his friends in Philadelphia to call at the LONDON HAT STORE, No. 215, Chestnut-street, second door above Seventh-street, and see his assortment of Satin Beaver and Fur Hats of a very superior quality, at the reduced prices of \$3 and \$4.

The Satin Beavers are made on fine linen bodies instead of wool, which is a very great improvement; and for lightness, durability, and beauty, they are unequalled. Also fine second hand Hats, from 50 cts. to \$2 each. Trunks, Stocks, Caps, &c.

ALSO.—A general supply of Anti-Slavery Books, among which are Phelps's Lectures, price 50 cts.; Poems by Phillips, Wheatley, an African slave, with a memoir of her life, 50 cts.; Garrison's Tracts, 12 cts.; Anti-Slavery Hymns, 8 cts., &c., &c.

As Agent for the Liberator, A.B. earnestly solicits those subscribers in Philadelphia, who have not paid for the present year, to call at his Store in the course of next week, and make payment, as it is indispensable that the accounts for the present year should be immediately settled with the publishers. A word to the wise is sufficient!—*June 27.*

ANTI-SLAVERY BOOK STORE,
67, Lesperand-street, near Broadway.

THE Subscriber offers for sale, at above Establishment, Anti-Slavery publications of every description, wholesale and retail. Also, School Books and Stationery; Prints, &c. cheap for cash. Letter press and Job Printing, Book Binding and Picture Framing, will be neatly executed. All orders will be thankfully received, and punctually attended to.

N. B. All orders must be cashed, and all communications must be post paid.

VALUABLE PAMPHLET.
JUST from the press, and for sale at the office of the Liberator, a pamphlet containing Mr. Henry B. Stanton's Letter respecting the great debate on Slavery and Colonization, at the Lane Seminary; the Speech of Mr. James A. Thome of Kentucky, delivered at the first anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society in May last; and the Letter of Rev. Dr. Cox, of New-York, giving his reasons for abandoning the American Colonization Society.

This pamphlet merits a wide circulation; and it is hoped that the friends of bleeding humanity will assist by their means in putting it into every family.
Price \$4 per hundred, 50 cents per dozen, 6 cents single.

FREE LABOR STORE,
No. 376, Pearl Street.

THE subscriber informs his friends that he has just opened a few cases of yard wide Calicoes, and fine shirting Muslin, recently manufactured from Cotton cultivated by remunerated labor, and expects soon to have an assortment of unbleached goods. He is, as usual, supplied with Irish Linen, East India Dry Goods, White and Brown Sugar, Coffee and Tea of various qualities, Spices, &c.

JOSEPH K. BEALE.
New-York, 6th month, 20th, 1834.

GENTEEL BOARDING.
SEVERAL respectable persons of color can be accommodated with board in a private family. Inquire at No. 70, Cambridge Street, at Joel W. Lewis's shop, or of C. J. Lewis, West Centre-street, second door from Beal's Grocery.

J. R. CAMBELL,
INFORMS his friends that he keeps at 17 Clinton-Street, where they can buy the best of BOOTS and SHOES, lower than at any other Store in the City.
May 24.

TO THE PUBLIC.

SIRIO LES HERBE.

THIS 'Syrup' is offered as a Sovereign Remedy for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Spitting of Blood—all diseases of the throat and lungs, and indeed every thing that leads to Consumption. It is equally efficacious in removing Scrophulous King's Evil, Tetters, and all those affections that originate in the purity of the blood. To those who may be afflicted with any of these troublesome diseases, a trial is only necessary to convince them the most incredulous of the efficacy of its powers—and it may be taken in the most delicate state of health, being purely a vegetable preparation of Herbs, Roots, Plants, &c. The proprietor of this 'Syrup' does not commend it in the general style, by saying he has made a Thousand Cures, or that he can produce Hundreds of Certificates; but he can only say from experience, (the only test), that it will effectually relieve and move those complaints which he has named above. The proprietor of the 'Syrup,' however, will subjoin the following certificates from persons who have been relieved by it, and the manner they have stated, and who have not had any return of their symptoms up to the time. She could furnish many more to the efficacy of the 'Syrup,' but she thinks that these will have the effect of inducing those who may be laboring under any of the complaints she has mentioned to try it, which is all she asks; being fully satisfied that whenever it has a trial, its virtues will be known and its credit established.

E. MOORE, Philadelphia.
The 'Syrup' can be had by addressing the Proprietor (post paid) to the Proprietor, No. 11 Spruce-street, two doors below Second-street, or to her Agents, Budd, West & Co., No. 249, Market-st., Harlan & Sadler, No. 7, corner of Fifth and Minor streets, Lydia White, at the Free Labor Store, No. 42, North 4th street, four doors below Arch-street.

Philadelphia, January 1, 1834.

Mrs. Moore.—I make the following statement from a hope of being serviceable to those of my fellow creatures who may be afflicted as I have been. It is now more than five years since I was first attacked with scrophulous. Nearly five years of the most skillful physicians of this City, and the most skilful physicians of this City, did me no good. On the contrary, the disease gained ground daily, and at the time I commenced taking your Syrup Les Herbe I was a distressing object to look at, and the pain I suffered was almost beyond endurance. It is now about six weeks since I began to take your Syrup, and have had about five bottles, and all pain has ceased, and every vestige of the disease has disappeared. Any person who wishes to be relieved of the truth of this statement, I have to call at my house, and see me, when I will be satisfied with my present appearance, and I can easily satisfy them as to what appearance I was but a short time ago.

MRS. STARKLEY, Opposite 19th Alley, Philadelphia, January 24, 1834.

Mrs. Moore.—Having received such decided relief from your Syrup Les Herbe, I feel it my duty to make it known to the public.—In the fall of 1831, I took a severe cold, and it settled on my breast. I continued this way until March last, when I commenced taking the 'Syrup' and after taking two bottles I was so far restored as to discontinue its use, and I have had no return of the symptoms since. **JANE WHITE, Philadelphia, April, 1833.**

Philadelphia, August 9th, 1832.

Mrs. Moore.—The benefit my child has received from your 'Balm of Lebanon' helps me as a matter of duty, to make a case known for the benefit of others, who children may be attacked in a similar manner. About a week ago, my child was struck with the Dysentery. I procured a bottle of your 'Balm,' gave to the child, and in the course of six hours it was relieved, and two days time it was able to run about usual; when, through inattention on my part, it eat immoderately of green fruit, was again attacked in the same way, but more violently; I used the 'Balm' a second time, and a second time it was successful. The child is now doing well, and has no appearance of continuing so.

MRS. THOMAS,
Corner of Washington & Front-sts. South-west.

UNION GARDEN,
154, Church Street, New-York.

PHILIP BUTLER & ARTHUR LANGFORD would inform the public, that they have opened a garden at the above place. It has been very neatly fitted up, and having had much experience as Cultivators, they feel assured that they can please those gentlemen and ladies who may honor them with a call.

New-York, 20th June, 1834.

GROCERIES,
FREE FROM THE LABOR OF SLAVES